



Chapter 1. How it all started

It really wasn't my fault. Well, yeah, it was I guess, but I'm really experienced, so it should have gone fine. And also remember that the doctor said the cast was a precaution. Not really necessary then, right? So it isn't my fault that I am here at my grandma's doing homeschool instead of in class with all of you. PLUS, if our middle school had a WORKING elevator or wasn't three stories tall, I also would not be here. So there. Not my fault.

So how did it happen? *Very* fast. I can tell you that. I was skateboarding in the new skatepark down on 7th street. I know we said we'd check it out together this weekend, but I just couldn't wait. I was only going to be there a couple of minutes. I set my phone to record so I could show you guys the set up

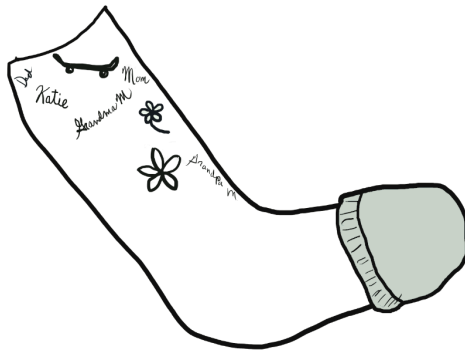
and started my run. It was amazing! You have to try the pipes... Anyway, I had just completed the carve along the top. As I prepared to grind the rail, my back truck caught the bend of the rail at the top and I went flying. One minute I was in control, the next, not so much. I tried to regain my balance, but I fell; my left leg tucked under me at an odd angle. My body froze. I couldn't move. I wasn't in any pain at that point, but boy was I scared! I thought I was paralyzed. This couple with a baby stroller saw me fall and came running over. One of them called 911. The other one had paramedic training, I guess, so she checked me for broken bones. I asked her if I was paralyzed. She said she didn't know, but the body has a system of protections and my loss of feeling in my legs might be temporary. She said it was a good thing I was wearing my helmet and other protective gear. I always do, but stuff can still happen.

The ambulance came and my parents were called. That nice couple stayed with me and found my

phone. By the time we got to the hospital the feeling in my legs had come back. I would have been extremely relieved (and truthfully, I was relieved later, thinking about it) but that was when the pain set in. My left foot was crazy painful. The nurses gave me pain meds, and the doctor ordered x-rays. Long story short, I have a stress fracture in my foot. Apparently several of them. He said because I skateboard, play soccer AND volleyball, the bones are prone to these fractures. He said it happens a lot with pro athletes, too, so WOW...I guess I'm on my way to being a pro athlete!

Since there are several stress fractures developing, he recommended a cast. I tried to object, since he seemed to indicate that just resting and using crutches for a while might be an alternative, but then my mom told him about last year when I had that ear infection and the ear specialist said to keep it dry. I said I would, but then we went to Six Flags. Everyone was going on the water rides and having so much fun... Yup. You know the rest. I ended up

with an extra week of antibiotics. So my mom said this time we are not taking any chances. Eight weeks in a cast, and I am banished to grandma's.





Chapter 2. Banished to grandma's

My mom and dad both work, so we decided to have me stay with grandma and grandpa. (they decided: I didn't really have a say. It was one of those, "Don't you think that would be a great idea, Sara?" What was I supposed to say?)

I love my grandma. She is really smart and creative, and we love doing things together. We go on nature walks, do crafts, build stuff and go shopping. I really enjoy spending time with her. BUT...even though she is retired now, she was a teacher for like a hundred years or something, so she is really big on kids doing their school work. She says, "Never do just the minimum when you can do your best!" You know me. I always get good grades. Do I always do my best? Not really. Sometimes I do just enough to get an "A". I know

grandma is right but I'm a kid! I have other important things on my mind, right? Like what I'm going to wear for Halloween or how can I get mom to let me dye my hair pink?

So I have to do a little bit more in the homework department now that I am at grandma's. Grandpa, on the other hand, is more fun. Not more fun than grandma, though. Argh! I don't mean that. Let me explain. It's just that he thinks there are lots of educational opportunities outside of schoolwork. He can make ANYTHING educational--and fun! He is a fantastic photographer. He doesn't just take normal, everyday pictures. He sees things differently than other people. He calls it his "photographer's eye" and he's teaching me to have it, too. Sometimes we work in his home photography studio and he shows me how to set up everyday objects in interesting ways, then use light and shadows and color to make the pictures look really cool.

Grandma and Grandpa don't have a spare bedroom, so they set me up in the living room. Their couch is a hide-a-bed, so that works out great, and they moved a table right in front of the living room window for me to do my homework. My wheelchair with the leg extension for my cast fits perfect under the table, and I have to say, this is a pretty nice set-up. They check on me once in a while, but they leave me pretty much to myself. They don't treat me like a baby. I like that.

